

TROOPS CURB RIOTING MINERS

ORDER RESTORED IN COLORADO'S TURBULENT CAMPS.

Martial Law Declared and the Strikers Kept in Sullen Subjection—Operators Aid the Authorities—Plots to Commit Wholesale Murder Discovered.

VICTOR, Col., June 7.—Order was outwardly restored throughout the Cripple Creek mining district to-day, but apprehension and terror are still felt. Over two hundred arrests have been made and the miners are kept in sullen subjection by a strong display of authority.

Acting Gov. Haggitt to-day declared martial law in Teller county and will send the entire State militia to Victor and Cripple Creek if necessary to maintain order and ferret out the perpetrators of yesterday's dynamite outrage, and punish the man who precipitated the bloody rioting at the citizens' mass meeting in the evening.

Twenty-eight of the least vicious offenders drawn in by the drag net of the law to-day were deported after martial law had been declared. The others are being held for investigation. There is no talk of lynching or violence to-night.

The mine operators claim to have discovered in Miners' Union Hall photographs of men marked for assassination. They declare that some of these men were among those killed in the terrible explosion of yesterday morning. There is a feeling of unrest that may culminate in some rash action.

Two ropes reeled in plain view on a table in the operators' headquarters, a significant reminder of what may come.

Three men were saved from lynching last night because only two of them were in custody and those who had plotted to hang them decided that they would wait until they caught the third. Two hundred members of the union are in Bull Pen, including Coroner Doran, ex-Marshall O'Connor and ex-Sheriff Robertson.

The city is in complete control of the local military company and Sheriff Bell. The authorities have made the blunt announcement that the first hostile move on the part of any one will be the signal for drastic measures. They propose to preserve peace at any cost. Lawlessness of any kind will not be tolerated and no quarter or mercy is to be shown persons who do not conduct themselves in a peaceable manner.

The net result of yesterday's outrage is sixteen dead and twenty-nine injured. It is generally accepted that every one who is objectionable to the Mine Owners and Citizens' Alliance will be deported and a campaign similar to that in force at Telluride inaugurated.

No arrests have been made in connection with the Independence dynamite outrage, and the authorities have no definite clue as to who the offenders are. The blood-bound sent from Trinidad and placed on the trail of the man or men who exploded the dynamite lost the trail after following it several miles.

The coroner's jury viewed the scene of the explosion this morning, after which an adjournment was taken until 2 o'clock to-morrow afternoon, when the taking of evidence will begin. The resignations of nearly all on the present city and county officers of Cripple Creek and Victor will be demanded.

With two hemp ropes lying on a table, headed, noosed and hanging, the Cripple Creek District Mine Owners' Association ended a meeting early this afternoon, after having held a heated discussion all morning. The mine owners say that the photographs captured from the headquarters of the Victor union show half a dozen plots to murder non-union miners. The city has been thrown into great excitement by these disclosures, and violence is momentarily expected upon the men imprisoned in the armory here.

James Cochran, secretary of the union, was arrested at 12 o'clock and taken into the mine owners' headquarters for sweating. His statement is as follows: "I do not know anything about these pictures except that they told me when I came here that they were taken to show the coroner's jury. The names of the men who have been killed are mysteries to me. I was not present when the pictures were taken, and cannot tell you any more about them."

The pictures are of groups of non-union miners representing the shifts on the various mines. One of the men marked as a scab has been killed in an explosion. That was in the Victorator catastrophe last November, when Charles McCormick and Mel Beck were killed. In the other cases those marked out on the photographs have disappeared from the camps, it is claimed by the operators, and time enough has not elapsed since the discovery of the pictures to determine how they went.

After the dynamiting of the railway station yesterday Sheriff Robertson, instead of searching for the dynamite, went to the coroner's office, endeavoring to identify the mangled bodies and joined Coroner Doran in a statement that the explosion was an accident.

The mine owners and County Commissioners held a council, summoned Robertson to attend and asked him to resign. He refused. The commissioners demanded his resignation and he again refused. A rope was thrown on the floor at his feet, he burst into tears, signed a resignation written out for him and was later arrested and put in jail.

Marshal O'Connor of Victor began appointing union miners as special police. Mayor French deposed him and O'Connor seized a gun store and supplied scores of union miners with arms and ammunition before he was arrested by the local militia company, called out by the Mayor.

WORLD'S FAIR MUST PAY UP.

Shaw Warns Francis That He Will Take Charge if Default is Made.

St. Louis, June 7.—Secretary of the Treasury Shaw, who last Saturday visited President Francis, urging that the world's fair should be better advertised, showed the reason for his suggestion in another communication received to-day by the Exposition Company.

Secretary Shaw stated that if payments on the \$4,000,000 Government loan are not promptly forthcoming when due, he, as the guardian of the United States Treasury, will step in and take charge of the receipts and the collection of fair tickets.

The Secretary formally reminds the exposition company of the date for the payment of the first installment of the loan and incloses a copy of the rules governing the loan and repayment. These rules set forth that the loan was made in the months of February, March, April and May, 1904, and that in return the Government is to have a first lien on the receipts of the fair from paid admissions and concession privileges.

Payments are to be made each half month. The first payment is due June 15, when forty per cent. of the gross receipts from June 1 to June 15 shall be surrendered. Thereafter at the 1st and 15th of each month forty per cent. of the receipts for the previous half month shall be paid and it is further provided that after the 1st of July the semi-monthly payments shall not be less than \$500,000 each.

SAYS HE SAW A BRIDGE JUMPER.

Motorman Caught Figure in Headlight Glare Climbing on the Cable.

A man jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge last night, if the motorman of a Bergen street car saw straight. He made the plunge from the south roadway, about sixty feet nearer New York than the center.

A closed Bergen street car carrying four passengers was nearing the highest part of the bridge on its way to Brooklyn about 8:50 when motorman Victor Ernstom of 1844 Bergen street says he saw a man come down the glare of his headlight climbing down a ladder which leads from the iron work over the cable tracks just west of the point where the great suspension dips under the road level. He was twenty yards ahead of the car, and all Ernstom could see as the figure darted across the headlight glare was that the man wore dark clothes and a black derby. The motorman saw him climb upon the cable and then he disappeared into the darkness over the river.

Ernstom didn't stop his car. At the Sands street end of the roadway he shouted to Policeman Keating that a man had jumped off the big bridge. He didn't stop to give particulars. Keating walked down the promenade to the spot where the ladder is and found some people, who said they had been around the place for some time. None of them had seen a man climb off the promenade.

On his next trip Keating stopped Ernstom for more particulars. The motorman said then that he guessed the man was about 5 feet 8 inches and weighed around 160 pounds. Neither Ernstom's conductor nor any of the passengers had seen the jumper.

INSULTS TO PASTOR AND WIFE.

Pictures and Anonymous Notes Sent to Dr. Baylis of Brooklyn.

The Post Office authorities will be appealed to by the Rev. Dr. Charles T. Baylis, the pastor of the Bushwick Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, to aid in the detection of some person or persons who are causing him and Mrs. Baylis much annoyance by mailing to their home, 1081 Bushwick avenue, scurrilous pictures which depict them in ways that are anything but dignified, to say the least. Notes of the same character have accompanied the pictures. They are, of course, anonymous.

Dr. Baylis would say but little about the matter last night, but it is the opinion among their friends that these responsible parties are causing them much trouble in every prosperous church. "They are only a few, but at times they bite like snakes in the grass. They are traitors to their friends."

In the offending pictures the faces are likenesses of Dr. and Mrs. Baylis. Some time ago a banner was held at the church at which photographs of the pastor and his wife were sold. The faces were cut out by the mischief makers, who then connected them with illustrations that are characteristic of sporting publications. The first arrived a few days ago.

This is not the first time, it is said, that trouble has been caused to pastor of the Bushwick Avenue Congregational Church by the opposing faction.

"I cannot understand why Mrs. Baylis and myself should be treated so cruelly," said Dr. Baylis, to a reporter. "I will ask the postal authorities for aid in detecting those responsible for the insults."

BANK TELLER KNOCKED DOWN.

Attacked in the Street—Skull Broken and He Is Likely to Die.

William Christfield, 40 years old, a teller in the Brooklyn Savings Bank, was found yesterday morning lying in the area of his home, 370 Carlton avenue. He was removed to the Prospect Heights Hospital where it was found that his skull was fractured. He will probably die.

In an ante-mortem statement made yesterday to Coroner Flaherty, Christfield said that at 12:30 o'clock yesterday morning he felt asleep and went to a neighboring saloon for a drink. On his way home, at Greene and Carlton avenues, he was attacked by three men, who knocked him down and then ran away. He crawled to his home, he said, before he became unconscious.

LEFT COMRADE TO HIS FATE.

FOUR RESCUED BOYS' HID FACT THAT FIFTH WAS DROWNED.

East Side Party Went Rowing in the Harlem River on Sunday and Were Swamped in the Storm—Fishermen Saved Four by Desperate Work—Parents' Sad Wait.

A boat in which five boys were rowing in the Harlem River on Sunday was capsized during the storm that broke shortly before sundown. One of the boys, Samuel Thaler, 13 years old, of 310 East Houston street, was drowned. The others were rescued. They are Max Siegel, 15 years, of 105 Avenue C; Louis Moses, 13 years, of 9 Division street; Louis Goldberg, 13 years, of 304 East Fourth street, and Morris Thaler, 14 years, of 325 Stanton street. The last named is a cousin of the boy that was drowned.

The boys left the East Side Sunday afternoon together and went to 130th street and the Harlem River, where they hired a boat. They rowed to Spuyten Duyvil and were returning when the storm came up. In the wind and rain the boat was swept over to the east shore, and a swift current carried it between a scow and the pier of the bridge now being built at Fordham Landing road. The space between the pier and scow was quite narrow, and at this point the boat was capsized.

Albert Wirth and August Evans, two fishermen, heard screams that lasted but a short while. Rushing in the direction where the cries came, they found the boat upside down and jammed crosswise in the space between the pier and the scow. Surmising that some one was beneath the boat, Evans, who is a big, muscular fellow, reached down and dragged the boat up toward the pier. Wirth held him by the feet while he did so. When the boat was raised, Evans grabbed the Goldberg and Moses boys, who were under it with their heads above water. They were about half conscious. Evans got them out of the water.

Morris Thaler and Max Siegel were carried down the stream by the swift current. The two fishermen jumped in and swam after them. They got hold of the boys opposite 153d street and swam with them to the shore.

After the four lads recovered their strength, they hurried for home without saying anything about Samuel Thaler, who had gone down when the boat first upset. Thaler's parents spent a sleepless night on Sunday, and were almost distraught when Monday night came and their child had not returned. The other boys were repeatedly questioned about their missing companion and each time said they had lost him in a crowd on the elevated railway. The four boys said nothing about being in the river and their clothes were thoroughly dried in the trip downtown.

Yesterday morning a general alarm was sent out for the missing boy from Police Headquarters. Not until last night did the fact of the drowning become known. Then Morris Thaler told of the fate of his cousin. An investigation last night to find out why no report had been made of the accident. Detective Devine found the two fishermen, and they said that the four boys rescued said nothing to them about one of their number being missing.

When asked why they had not at least notified the police of the rescue, Wirth and Evans said they were not looking for notoriety.

GHOST SURELY WALKED.

"It Was a Dream," Says the Police, but Where Is Hilda's \$140?

Hilda Semdorf, a Finnish servant, employed in the home of the Rev. Joseph M. Hodson, 520 Kingsbridge road, was robbed early on Monday morning of \$140, her savings since she has been in this country. According to the girl, a ghost was the thief. She declares that she saw it.

Early on Sunday morning the minister's house was aroused by the cries of the girl, who was in her room on the third floor. When the women of the household reached the room, they found Hilda, frightened out of her wits, pointing to an open window. She couldn't speak English and no one could learn what had frightened her.

An interpreter was taken to the house on Monday morning. To him the girl said that for the sake of a small sum of money she was wearing a shroudlike garment, half white, half black, glide into the window. "I'm a ghost," said the figure. "Don't make a sound."

Then, according to the girl, the ghost walked to her trunk, lifted the cover and took her \$140. Then it went out the window again.

Mr. Hodson was greatly impressed with the girl's story and reported the theft to the police of the Tremont station. They have not been able to find any trace of the ghost or thief. They have an idea that the girl walked in her sleep and hid the money, forgetting when she awoke where she put it. They think she dreamed the ghost and the dream woke her up.

FIREWORKS IN THE SLOT.

Merry Game of Short Circuiting Lands Small Boy in Court.

A small boy was brought before Justice McKean in the Children's Court yesterday charged with tying up the car lines on Avenue A.

"Exhibit B" in the case was a piece of wire which the lad, Abraham Hultz, of 355 East Tenth street, had amused himself by dropping down the trolley slot at Thirtieth street and Avenue A, thus short circuiting the current. When this was done, a ball of fire would shoot along the slot for a block or two, much to the delight of Hultz and his companions. At the same time all cars in the district from Thirtieth street to Houston would come to a standstill and remain so until the wire was removed.

Inspector O'Row, who appeared against Hultz, said that it was little short of a miracle amount of the boys had not been killed, as the current which passed through the wire was of high voltage. The girl's parents were remanded to the Gerry society to await sentence.

MILES McDONNELL KILLED.

The Man Who Killed Price in the Onawa Hotel—Shot by R. E. Preusser.

ALBANY, N. Y., June 8.—Richard E. P. Preusser of the bookshop firm of Preusser & Co., of Miles McDonnell dead this (Wednesday) morning at 1 o'clock in his room in the Hotel Ten Eyck. They had been together all day drinking. McDonnell was from Boston. Originally he was from New York city, where a few years ago he shot George Price, a fellow gambler, to death in the Onawa Hotel in 125th street as a result of a poolroom quarrel in a saloon.

Preusser was taken to the Second precinct station house and was locked up. He was refused to discuss the matter afterward.

The shooting of McDonnell occurred in his room after he and Preusser had a quarrel in the grill room of the hotel. After the quarrel, Preusser went to his broker's office and procured the pistol with which the crime was committed.

He then went back to the Hotel Ten Eyck and with the pistol in his hand asked for the number of McDonnell's room. The hotel clerk being busy did not notice anything unusual with Preusser, as he is well known, and gave him the number without concern. Shortly afterward the clerk heard a pistol shot and it was found that Preusser had gone to McDonnell's room.

MILLINER SUES MRS. H. W. CARY.

Nineteen Hats Bought in 12 Weeks Figure in Bill for \$5,078.

Nineteen hats at \$38 to \$55 each figure in a bill for millinery and furs on which the Lichtenstein Millinery Company entered by default yesterday judgment for \$5,078 against Mrs. Hamilton W. Cary of 801 Fifth avenue, a daughter of the late Jabez Abel Bestwick of the Standard Oil Company. The defendant was sued as Nellie B. Cary for articles purchased in the twelve weeks between Sept. 21 and Dec. 17 last. Among the items are:

Baby lamb coat.....\$725
Baby lamb coat and muff.....550
White satin belt.....400
Silk lace and chinchilla coat.....1,200
Broadtail skirt.....1,200
Cream net gown.....145
White satin belt.....100
Pink silk cushion.....100

Mr. and Mrs. Cary are at their country home in Westbury, L. I. Mr. Cary said over the telephone last night that he didn't know anything about the judgment.

"Mrs. Cary is ill and has gone to bed," he said, "and I, too, have been ill. I am a result of a fall. I am sure that she is something that has come up in our absence from the city. It will no doubt be attended to. What's the amount? Oh, I guess that will be attended to. Anyway, I don't know anything about what Mrs. Cary purchases."

Mrs. Cary, who is the elder daughter of Mr. J. A. Bestwick of 80 Fifth avenue, was prominent in the hunting field before her first marriage and is still a horse lover. Her first husband was the late Francis Lee Morrill. Albert C. Bestwick is her brother and Capt. Albert Carris of the Royal Irish Rifles married her sister.

The friends of Hamilton W. Cary have dubbed him "Hercules." He is a large man. He is anything but a large man. He has been given a figure on the racetrack.

SCOLDED: TOOK POISON.

Thirteen-Year-Old Margaret Ryan Had Been Reported by Her Teacher.

Miss Margaret Sweeney of 554 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, received two postal cards yesterday from Miss Keenan, a teacher in Public School 16, in Wilson street, complaining of the poor work being done in her classes by Margaret Ryan, Miss Sweeney's thirteen-year-old niece. The Ryan girl is an orphan and lives with Miss Sweeney.

Her aunt, after dinner last night, scolded her for her laziness, and she went out to her aunt's apartments in anger. She had been gone about two hours when Miss Sweeney got nervous and started to look for her. She found the scuttle leading to the roof off. She called a man in the house, who went up on the roof, but could find no trace of the girl there.

Five hours away to the south, however, he saw something that looked like a white cat for the sake of a small sum of money she was wearing a shroudlike garment, half white, half black, glide into the window. "I'm a ghost," said the figure. "Don't make a sound."

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FIREWORKS IN THE SLOT.

\$40,000 ROBBERIES IN HOTEL.

MUCH JEWELRY RECOVERED ON ARREST OF TWO EMPLOYEES.

Detective, Installed as Guest at La Marquise, Followed Clerk to Room and Caught Him Red-Handed With \$35,000 Worth of Diamonds—Ready to Get Out.

Henry J. Dards, night clerk at the Hotel La Marquise, 12 East Thirty-first street, and George Glecker, bell boy in the same hotel, were arrested last night by two detectives of the Tenderloin station, charged with stealing jewelry and bric-a-brac from the guests of the hotel.

Various robberies have been reported at the hotel for several days past, the losses, it is said, being nearly \$40,000. The particular theft which led up to the arrests last night was reported by Mrs. Halsey Corwin, daughter of Fred Engeman, manager of the Brighton Beach racetrack. The thieves got nearly \$35,000 worth of jewelry. It was recovered after the arrests.

When the hotel guests began to report to Manager William Spotswood, several days ago, that thieves had been in their rooms and carried away much jewelry and other valuable articles, at once took steps to catch the thieves. He kept watch on the rooms for a day or two, but without any results.

Then he employed James Kennedy, a private detective, who was once house detective at the Waldorf-Astoria. Kennedy kept watch at the hotel for a day and then decided that it was a case for the police. Detectives McGuire and Galligan of the Tenderloin station were then called in.

McGuire and Galligan put on their best clothes two days ago, took dress suit cases in their hands and went to the La Marquise as guests. They kept watch on all the hotel employees and found that they were all above suspicion except Dards and Glecker. The clerk and bellboy did not sleep at the hotel. All the other help did. They had been employed there but two weeks. The detectives followed them home and found that they lived together at 150 East Thirtieth street. After that a close watch was kept on their movements.

Late last night, Kennedy said, he saw Dards going upstairs and followed him. Dards went to Mrs. Corwin's apartments on the ninth floor. Mrs. Corwin was in Brooklyn for the night.

Kennedy saw Dards let himself into Mrs. Corwin's apartments with a pass key. Kennedy says, Dards collected Mrs. Corwin's jewelry and wrapped it up in a shawl.

Kennedy followed Dards down to the street and then, in some manner, lost track of him. Kennedy went back into the hotel and got McGuire and Galligan. They arrested Glecker, the bellboy, who confessed that he and Dards were the thieves, and said that they had expected to start on this morning to sell the jewelry.

"It was better than working for \$40 a month, I thought," he said.

McGuire and Galligan went over to 150 East Thirtieth street and arrested Dards. In a dress suit case they found much of the stuff stolen from the hotel. They also found Mrs. Corwin's jewelry, which was described by the police as follows: A heart shaped brooch, composed of a pigeon blood ruby surrounded by fifty diamonds, valued by the police at \$12,000; a collar of diamonds, valued at \$5,000; a diamond pendant, valued at \$1,000; six diamond rings, valued at \$2,000; gold watches, valued at \$800; pearl necklace, valued at \$200; and a diamond studded gold match box, valued at \$200.

The prisoners were taken to the Tenderloin station and locked up.

Some of the other guests of the hotel who were robbed are Dr. Guy Davenport Lombard, who is now in Europe; Mrs. Mathers, Mrs. Felton, Mrs. Beers and Mrs. Graham. They will all get most of their jewelry back.

Glecker made a full confession to the police early this morning. Dards, he said, met him a few days ago and told him that he had got a job as night clerk in a hotel where it would be easy to rob the guests if he had somebody to help him. Jewelry was lying in the rooms ready to be taken, he said. Dards told the boy that he couldn't resist the temptation to take some of the jewelry.

According to the boy's story, he entered the apartments at the direction of Dards after Dards got him a job as bell boy. Dards, in his capacity of night clerk, knew when the guests were out and had their keys. He gave the keys to Glecker, according to the boy's confession, and then kept guard in the office while the boy ransacked the rooms for valuables.

If the guest came in Dards warned the boy by ringing the electric bell in the room in which the thief was working.

Anything valuable that could be removed was stolen, he said, even to lace collars and silk stockings.

Last night's haul, he said, fairly dazzled them. They thought that they had at least \$100,000 worth of jewelry and reckoned they would realize \$25,000 on it.

ATTACK BY MOORISH BANDITS.

Attempt to Seize Wife of British Subject—Perdicaris Ill.

Special Cable Despatches to THE SUN.

LONDON, June 7.—Some armed tribesmen entered the residence of a British subject in Tangier this morning, seized the man's wife and demanded arms and money. The cries of neighbors caused them to decamp, but they carried off several rifles.

The British Mediterranean fleet left Gibraltar at 2 o'clock this afternoon for Tangier.

A despatch from Tangier says that Ion Perdicaris, the American who was kidnapped by the bandit Ralsuli, is still ill.

PARIS, June 7.—The Foreign Office reports that negotiations for the release of Ion Perdicaris, who was captured by Moorish bandits, are proceeding satisfactorily.

TANGIER, June 7.—Tribesmen have entered the Belgian Legation, which is outside the town, intent upon robbing it.

The British battleship Prince of Wales arrived here to-day.

An attempt is being made to obtain a safe conduct from Ralsuli for a doctor to visit Mr. Perdicaris.

NO DRINK FOR THE DELEGATES.

Republican National Convention a Cut and Dried Affair, Especially "Dried."

CHICAGO, June 7.—"Not a drop of liquor—not even a soft drink, unless it be filtered water," will be on sale within the walls of the Coliseum during the sessions of the Republican national convention," said Sergeant-at-Arms Stone to-day.

"I have been pestered by persons who would like to operate a thirst-quenching bungalow, but the sub-committee declined to permit the presence of refreshment booths of any sort."

"Will there be a luncheon room in the convention hall?"

"No; not even that. The sessions of the convention are expected to pass off with regularity and there will be no excuse for persons in attendance to desire anything except possibly a drink of water. There will be retiring rooms, however, where delegates and others may smoke if they desire."

BETS \$30,000 TO \$10,000.

Wager on the Stock Market That Won't Be Decided Until July 7.

PITTSBURGH, June 7.—"I will bet you ten to thirty thousand dollars that I can name a stock that will decline ten points by July 7," said a Fourth avenue broker to one of the best known business men of the exchange in this city yesterday.

"I will take your bet," was the reply.

"Chicago and Northwestern."

The betting took place in one of the Fifth avenue cafes and the checks were passed over to the proprietor, who later deposited them in his bank. When the bet was made yesterday, Chicago and Northwestern was selling at 100%, and opened this morning at 100%.

ARREST MRS. ELIAS

Midnight the Hour Finally Selected to Do It.

POLICE BATTER DOOR IN

And Rush In to the Music of a Baby's Cries.

It Took More Than an Hour to Persuade John R. Platt to Swear to a Complaint of Extortion to Base a Warrant On—Police Get Around to the House Half an Hour After Her Lawyer Had Got Tired Waiting and Gone—Woman Taken Downstairs to Police Headquarters in a Carriage.

The arrest of Hannah Elias in a criminal proceeding, which has been talked of ever since the aged John R. Platt brought suit last week to recover \$685,000 that he says she obtained from him by blackmail, was finally decided upon late last night and effected about midnight. Her lawyer, who had waited at the house at 238 Central Park West until 10:30 o'clock, had been gone about a half an hour when the battering down of her front door began. Before the door yielded she had time to dress herself, but she hadn't done it, and she kept the detectives waiting for a long time before she was finally put into a cab and driven to Police Headquarters.

Four detectives and two policemen battered at the heavy oak vestibule door for almost half an hour before it yielded. They took but a few minutes to force the inner door, the upper half of which was glass. Pushing inside the police lit the gas on the first floor, but found no one there. A baby's cries could be heard from an upper floor.

Dashing up the stairs the detectives found Mrs. Elias, not much excited. She bade them wait until she had dressed herself suitably for a night in a Police Headquarters. A servant said that the baby whose cries had been heard was the child of Mrs. Elias.

HARD GETTING PLATT TO COMPLAIN.

The midnight storming of the octoon's castle followed a long conference held at the house of John R. Platt, at 1 East Fifty-fourth street. Assistant District Attorney Lord, Magistrate O'Brien, Mr. Platt and his lawyer, Lyman E. Warren, were concerned in this conference. An attempt was made on Monday night to get Platt to swear to a warrant charging the negroess with extortion, but he balked.

Yesterday District Attorney Jerome declared that unless Platt swore to a complaint upon which a warrant could be based he would make public all his information regarding the case and also what he had heard of an attempt to effect a settlement at half price or some other discount.

At 5:30 o'clock last night Assistant District Attorney Lord and Magistrate O'Brien met Lawyer Warren at the Plaza Hotel and the three went to Platt's house. The octogenarian was in bed asleep, but he was awakened. A complaint had been drawn up, setting forth the allegations in the case. All that was lacking was Platt's signature.

It was 10:30 o'clock before Platt finally agreed to swear to the complaint and then not without much persuasion.

As soon as he had secured the warrant Assistant District Attorney Lord went to a nearby telephone and called on Police Headquarters for help.

Detective Sergeants Fogarty and Flannery were sent up from Mulberry Street and Detectives Walsh and Keating, together with Policemen McKenna and Buchanan, were sent around from the West Sixty-eighth street station.

Just about this time, at 10:30, Washington Brauns, the woman's lawyer, and Dr. Van Tine, her physician, were leaving the house. The lawyer, who had been waiting there some time, said he guessed nothing would happen that night.

ORDERS TO BREAK THE DOOR IN.

The policemen reached the house at 11 o'clock, which was before Mr. Lord arrived. He was to a few minutes later, and reaching the stoop handed the detectives the warrant and said:

"This warrant charges Hannah Elias with criminal extortion. You must arrest her, even if it is necessary to break down the doors."

Before doing anything else Detective Sergeant Fogarty, who commanded one of the police divisions, sent Policemen McKenna and Buchanan around to guard the rear of the house.

Then Fogarty rang the bell, getting no response. He kept ringing for more than five minutes, but no sign of life was exhibited from the inside. The front of the house was in total darkness. After ringing the bell Detective Fogarty called out:

"We are policemen, and we have a warrant for the arrest of Hannah Elias. If these doors are not opened, they will be broken down!"

WHOLE STREET WAKES UP.

This brought no response from the house, but it woke everybody else up for two blocks along Central Park West. Windows flew up and soon the night-robed persons who had at first been behind them appeared on the street dressed and armed.

Passengers on the north and south bound Eighth Avenue cars saw what was taking place and the greater part of them got off. The motor men also wanted to see the fun and either halted their cars or moved by very slowly.

Soon there was a blockade of cars and